

The Grateful Acknowledgment

Of a Late

**Trimming Regulator.**

Humbly Presented to that Honest and Worthy *Country Gentleman* who is come lately to *Town*, and stiles himself by the Name of

**Multum in Parvo.**

With a most Strange and Wonderful

**PROPHECY,**

Taken out of

**Britains Senious.**

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Written in the time of the late VVars, by that Famous and Divine Poet of our Age,

*Captain George Withers.*

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*London, Printed in the Year, 1688.*

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The Grateful Acknowledgment

Of a Late

Criminating & Regulating

Heartily Presented to that Honorable and Wise  
the County Gentlemen who is come lately  
to York, and fills himself by the Name of

Martin in Parvo

With a most strange and Wonderful

PROPHECY

Taken out of

Antient Gentlemen

Written in the time of the late Wars, but the  
and Divine Port of our Age

Captain George W. Robert

Printed in the Year

The Grateful Acknowledgment of a late  
Trimming Regulator.

**T**Hou honest *Janus* Face, what didst thou mean?  
My Eyes to blind in thy so great Extream:  
Thy very Front did make my Heart to ake,  
**Booted Apostles** made my Soul to quake.

Thou gav'st me Poison in a bitter Cup,  
Thou gav'st me Oyl, and bid me drink it up,  
'Twould cure all Poison to the very Heart,  
Thus thou was pleas'd at me to sling thy Dart.  
Thy Title Page did swell my Eyes with Grief,  
Thy Antidote, did soon give me Relief;  
Thy **Regulators** put me in such Fret,  
As if I were a Prey unto his Net;  
VVho by the Stars, long since, hath often said,  
About this time in *England* should be laid:  
Till that within I soon there did behold,  
Thy first twelve Lines were worth their weight in Gold:  
At the first sight, my trembling hand was such,  
And more afraid than some are of the *Dutch*;  
My Head was hot, as if all on a Fire,  
My Pulse did beat still higher and still higher,  
To stay at home, or else straightways to flee,  
For my Protection, to the *Orange Tree*;  
Straightways to run, or else to stay at home,  
Or else to fly with *Peters* unto *Rome*;

To let them know of our late sad Disaster,  
 These were my thoughts, until thy Sovereign Plaster  
 Did ease my mind, by thy ingenious Pen,  
 Who first did wound, and after cur'd our Men:  
 VVhen we perceiv'd the Cream of thy Contest,  
*Multum* was much, and *Parvo* was in jeast;  
**Booted Apostles** only was a *Trap*  
 To catch some Gudgeons with thy *French Fools Cap*,  
*Printing* and *Paper* being near of kin,  
 VVithout the First *Ink* is a foolish thing;  
 The *Gudgeons* here, must pay the *Printing-Press*;  
 So that at present we may give a guess,  
 This Genteal Plot, which surely was thy Own,  
 Instead of *Ten* we wish thee *Forty One*;  
 At every throw, and every Hawl and Pull,  
 Sometimes a *Gudgeon*, sometimes a *Sea-Gull*:  
 Could we but know *Thee* in thy naked Dress,  
 VVe'd soon surround thee with a fair Address;  
*Hussa's* and *Acclamations* we must give,  
 Unto thy Lines, so long as we do live.  
*Adam*, where art thou? now let all Men know,  
*Bowls* do run *Trim*, where *Thistles* us'd to Grow:  
 Lo, here we come, our Service to Present,  
 VVith all Submission, to thy good Intent;  
 And those that will not joyn in this thy Pace,  
 Are not (we fear) of the *True Christian Race*.  
 Thy Royal Master, *Forty One*, and we,  
 Ought to present *Thee* to the *Orange Tree*.

Thou

Thou hast said more than ever we could think,  
 What, dost thou write with some Inspired Ink;  
 You make *Distinctions* to all *Sober Men*,  
 'Twixt *Forty One*, and *Thirty Nine* with *Ten*;  
 VVhich is a thing which few Men Understand,  
 VVhich made them to the *Forty One Men Brand*,  
*Rebels* and *Traytors*, Men of *Forty One*,  
 The *Tories* Curse, and the *Tantivies* Tone,  
 Men so sunk down beyond *Old Adam's Fall*,  
 Nothing would please them, but a *Rope for All*:  
 So that this *Tory* and *Tantivy* Heat,  
 May end with some in a cold trembling Sweat.  
 VVe pray to God, that those which shall get Free,  
 May never more out-face the *Tripple-Tree*.  
 The **Regulators** in the *Rare a Show*,  
 Concerns not us, as most good People know;  
 We gave no *Charters* up, nor made no *Slaves*,  
 But alwayes counted them a *Pack of Knaves*;  
 Our *Post* therein, was only to *Periwade*,  
 And to Unhing what those first *Rogues* had made.  
 Squeeze but their *Pockets*, and then let them *Pass*,  
 One for an *Ox*, another for an *Aff*,  
 Most bravely match'd, to draw both in one *Team*,  
 The *Ox* before, behind the *Aff* so *Lean*.  
 Let the *State* purge them of some *Guiney Gold*,  
 They'll never *MORE* of our *Laws* make so *Bold*,  
 Save but their *Lives*, their *Pelf* will serve to *Pay*  
 The King's *Old Soldiers*, though they *Run Away*.



That was foretold *a thousand Years ago*,  
 Then was fulfilled this *Most Ra-ree Show*.  
 We dare engage our *Future Judges* shall  
 No more *Fine Men*, according to *White-hall*.  
 VVhat they did Dictate, that the *Judge must Do*,  
 (*Oh Blessed Tools!*) *Three Nations* to *Undo*.  
 Some Men not worth *Five thousand Pound* i'th' *World*,  
 Must pay *one hundred* or to *Prison Hurl'd*;  
 This was the *Made*, and this the *Fashion* then,  
*Mad Men* to sit, the *Wise Men* to *Condemn*.  
 Our Souls did grieve, sung *Welladay*, *Alas*,  
 To see, 'mongst *Christians*, such things come to Pass.  
 This was complain'd of in the *Prophet's Day*,  
 For one word speaking made a *Beast* of Prey;  
 And though such words not in the least were *Treason*,  
 Yet they were Fin'd (*the Lord knows*) without *Reason*;  
 Sooner or later these Men they have Found  
 (Like to *Old Nick*) their Measures under Ground.  
 The *Famous B---worth*, in those days procur'd  
 A *Tory Jury*, not to be endur'd;  
*Eight hundred Pounds* they gave for Damage there,  
 When as *two Shillings* could not then appear.  
 What Men were *those* that made so much *Ado*,  
*Furies* to Pack, our Children to *Undo*;  
 VVe must them *Note*, or else we are *Undone*.  
 If once they get again a *Riseing Son*.  
 By force of Arms they *Swore Sham Shrieves*, by Name  
 VVe know them well, and though we did complain,

Got

Got no relief, but only got this Grace,  
 For *Honest Brocm* to loose his *Crowners* Place.  
*Mandamus, Aliis, Pluris*, to them all one,  
 Are these Men fit to guard the *Royal Throne*  
 Of *Justice*, which to all Men gives their *Due*,  
 Sure these can't be the *Protestants True Blue*.  
 Such were the **Regulators** of those *times*,  
 No more we hope to ring such *B--- B. Chimes*.  
*Empson and Dudley*, little did they Dream,  
 To be Chastized for their great Extream ; (Die,  
 Though some have dream't, that they themselves should  
 Upon a *Gibbet* of *two Stories High*.  
 The *Famous O A T E S*, his Cards are all now *Trumps*,  
 Thanks to High *O R A N G E* and his *Mogan Jumps* ;  
 From *Exon Gates* to *Berwick upon Tweed*,  
 At one great leap, here is a *Jump* indeed ;  
 Who would not be a *Jumper* at this Rate,  
 Not one in *Millions* ever had this Fate.  
 God sent his *Moses* to *Egyptian Land*,  
 To save the *Jews* from great King *Pharaoh's* Hand  
 God sent his *Son*, to save us from the Grave,  
 Now sends his *Orange* us all to Unslave ;  
 Could *Monsieur le Grand* now *Jump* as well as He,  
 He'd make our *Orange* leap the *Tripple tree*  
 If he could catch him ; herein lies the *Art*,  
 God hath him rais'd to make that *Kingdom Smart*  
 For all the works which they have done Amiss,  
 This *Orange Tree* is for them *Rods in Piss* :

Instead

Instead of *Monsieur Jumping* here next Spring,  
 Before that time another Tune will sing;  
 His *Orange Land* with all his Heart will Give  
 Up to the Heir, provided he may Live:  
 Ill gotten Goods, when took in so great *Haste*,  
 Do seldom *thrive*, but quickly they do *Waste*:  
 The boldest Thief, which to that *Sport* is *Bent*,  
 Is sometimes *Hang'd* before his *Money's Spent*.  
*Courage Brave Hero*, be not you *Dismaid*,  
 Nor of his *Numerous Arms* be you *Afraid*;  
 Heav'n's *Lord Protector* is your only *Prop*,  
 Next *Spring* he'll give you your own *Orange Crop*.  
 Invade his *Borders* but that time, and then  
 With your own *Troops*, and our true *English Men*,  
 We dare be *Bold* his *Army* then will *Run*,  
 Like *Mists* and *Fogs* before the *Rising Sun*;  
 And many will (like us) run to your *Camp*,  
 Then after Him, you may the *Pope* new *Vamp*,  
 Who is so warp'd, he wants an *Underlay*,  
 An *Orange Scent* will make him Dance the *Hay*  
 So rarely well, whenever you shall come,  
 To bid *Defiance* to the *Walls of Rome*.  
 This we may see before some years be gone,  
 By this *Great Orange*, our *Great James's Son*.  
 Much being lost, we took hold on a *Twig*,  
 This is the *Case* of the *Poor Trimming Whig*;  
 Being near *Drowning* by some *Men of Note*,  
 VVe then did strive only to *Trim the Boat*,

To



To save our selves, and all our *Noble Race*,  
 And shall we now for this suffer Disgrace,  
 If this a Crime esteemed be, and *Blot*,  
 Then let our Names for ever *Dye* and *Rot*.  
 Upon this *Topick* we will loose our *Lives*,  
 And leave to *God* our *Children* and our *Wives*.  
 And for your self to own us at this *time*,  
 Sure you must be no less than a *Divine*.  
 The *Forty One Men* were a *Trimming Race*,  
 The *Forty Eight* Religion did Disgrace;  
 The last were *Tories* of the highest Form,  
 The *Nations Scourges*, and the *Nations Scorn*:  
 The first were Mild and Gentle like thy self,  
 The last were got sure by a *Romish Else*;  
 For Persecution alwayes leaves behind  
 A Sting i'th' tail, and so is NEVER KYNDE.  
 Mark these two words, and the first N Deface,  
 There you may see an *Honest Trimmers Face*.  
 And if Men now shall *Act* as Heretofore,  
 God may next *turn*, *Open* the *Trimmers Door*,  
 Which if he should, *Great Truth* will then Prevail,  
 And make all *Popes* to her *Dutch Ship* strike Sail.  
 Our *Princes Sins*, to *God* only are known,  
 His *Christian Acts* we never will Disown.  
 The *Eighty Eight Men*, as they shall Proceed,  
 You say you'll watch them as you shall have need;  
 But we do hope all things will stand so Fair,  
 Whatever comes, the King's the Legal Heir,

Unless we shall Unhing the Legal Right,  
 And for a *Common-wealth* rise up and Fight;  
 VVhich, in this *Land*, the *Lords* will never bear,  
 Therefore we must not think such Fruit to Rear:  
 When *Priests* do Run, and *Chancellors* do Flee,  
 VVe may bleſs *God* we have an *Orange Tree*,  
 VVho will defend us in our *Equal Rights*,  
*God* ſtill Preſerve him in ſuch *Wars* and *Fights*;  
 Whoſe *Sweet Perfume*, like *Gods Grace* from *Above*,  
 Is ſent from *Heaven*, to make us live in *Love*;  
 VVhich if we don't, *God* knows whoſe turn is next,  
 Let us not dare then, to pervert the *Text*.  
 And ſo we'll leave thee to thy next Effort,  
 Storm *Roger* ſtill; and pleaſe the *Orange Court*;  
 And let *John Baies* from you have one more Liſt,  
 In *Statu Quo*, he'll turn for his laſt Shift;  
 What e'er it be, we are reſolv'd to buy,  
 Or elſe our Tongues muſt give our Hearts the lye.  
 And ſo farewell, till we can ſee thy Face,  
 We do believe thy *Stock* is *Noble Race*.

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## The Prophecy. &c.

W Hen here a *Scot* ſhall think his *Throne* to Set,  
 Above the Circle of a *Britiſh King*,  
 He ſhall a *Dateleſs Parliament* Beget,  
 From whence a *Furious Armed Brood* ſhall Spring.

That

That Army shall beget a wild *Confusion*,  
*Confusion* shall an *Anarchy* beget,  
 That *Anarchy* shall bring forth in *Conclusion*,  
 A *Creature* which you have no Name for yet.  
 That *Creature* shall conceive a Sickly State,  
 Which shall an *Aristocracy* Produce,  
 The many Headed Beast not liking that,  
 To raise *Democracy* shall rather chuse ;  
 And then *Democracy's Production* shall  
 A *Moon Calf* be, which some a *Mole* do call :  
 So acting for a while, few Men shall know,  
 Whether among them, a *Supream* or no.  
 Five of them shall subdue the other Five,  
 And then those Five shall by a doubtful Strife,  
 Each others Death so happily contrive,  
 That they shall Dye to Live a better Life :  
 And out of their *Corruption* Rise there shall,  
 A true *Supream* acknowledged by *All* ;  
 In which the *Power* of all the Five shall be,  
 With Unity made Visible in *Three* ;  
*King, People, Parliament*, with *Priests* and *Peers*,  
 Shall be a while your *Emulous Grandees*,  
 Make a confused *Pentarchy* some Years,  
 And leave off their Distinct Claims by Degrees.  
 And then shall *Righteousness* ascend the *Throne*,  
 Then *Love* and *Truth* and *Peace* Re-enter shall ;  
 Then *Faith* and *Reason* shall agree in *One*,  
 And all the *Virtues* to their *Council Call*.

And

And timely after this, there shall Arise,  
 That *Kingdom*, and that *Happy Government*,  
 Which is the *Scope* of all those *Prophecies*,  
 Which future *Truths* obscurely Represent:  
 But how this shall be done, few Men shall see,  
 For wrought in *Clouds* and *Darkness* it shall be;  
 And e'er it come to pass in publick View,  
 Most of these following Signs shall first Ensue.  
 A *King* shall willingly himself *Unking*,  
 And thereby grow far greater than before,  
 The *Priests* their *Priesthoods* to contempt shall bring,  
 And *Piety* shall thereby thrive the more.  
 A Parliament it self shall overthrow,  
 And thereby shall a better *Being* gain,  
 The Peers by setting of themselves below,  
 A more enobling Honour shall obtain.  
 The People for a while shall be Enslav'd,  
 And that shall make them for the future Free,  
 By private Loss, the Publick shall be sav'd,  
 An Army shall by yielding Victor be.  
 Then shall God own his People and their Cause,  
 The Laws Corruption shall Reform the Laws,  
 And *Bullocks* of the largest Northern Breed,  
 Shall Fatten'd be, where now scarce Sheep can Feed.

## P O S T S C R I P T.

**N**oli me Tangere, our known Laws do say,  
 To him that doth the Royal Scepter sway,  
 Others must pay the Damage in this Cause,  
 And Coit to Boot, so sayes the same Good Laws.

His Evil Counsellors, these are the Men  
 Must be Truss'd up in Bunches Ten by Ten:  
 Our Prince is life, the former are not so,  
 As they Advise, to Tyburn they must go.